

From the Ashes

by jessica499499

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Summary: When Hiccup is lost Toothless goes into a depth of mourning that he can not escape. With the loss of his master weighing heavily on his heart, will he ever be able to love again? Almost non-existent Toothcup. Astrid/Hiccup. Character death. Happy ending.

From the Ashes

He should have never let his master go alone. He shouldn't have denied his instincts and let Hiccup leave the village without him. He thought he could trust the female for just one day and allow her to take his master away on her little date without him getting hurt.

Now he knew he'd be blaming himself for that for the rest of his life.

Because now his master was lost, stolen from this world in the prime of his life, just when he was truly happy.

His soul ached with the loss of the boy he had loved, for the time that was stolen from him.

He had thought he had a lifetime to spent searching the skies with him. He thought there would be time to show his master every hidden place he knew and time to teach him every secret he had.

He hated himself for not sensing the impending doom of his master and not being there when he was needed. That had been his purpose in life since the moment the boy had spared his life when he could only gain from his death.

In a moment he had prepared himself only for pain and death he had been given mercy and a second chance.

Hiccup had been one of a kind and now there would never be another

like him.

Toothless knew he had to leave the Burk. The place reeked of Hiccup and pulsed with his loss.

He couldn't leave the island; he never would again without his master, so he had to hide far from the humans. He found a cave so deep into Earth that not a ray of light could reach him and he stayed there for a long long time.

He did not eat. He did not drink. But he lived as only a dragon could live in such conditions.

More dead than alive he laid in a half sleep of mourning as he relived the time he had spent with Hiccup in his mind.

For a time he heard the calling of his name from the villagers and even from other dragons, but he did not move or reveal his position.

He stayed there till little remained of himself but the instinct to live, the desire to survive.

With weakened limbs he crawled from his hiding place until he reached water. He laid in the shallows for an undetermined amount of time, drinking little and swallowing whatever little fish swam into his motionless mouth. It took a long time for his eyes to adjust enough to handle the light of day again and even longer for him to stand.

When he had finally gathered the strength to move he was at a loss as to what to do about it.

Hiccup was still dead, time had not changed that yetâ€|. He felt compelled to live on.

He was almost disgusted with his own instinct to survive. What point was there of a life without Hiccup?

Still the call to live was a powerful one and he could not resist it any longer.

At a pace he would have scoffed at when Hiccup was alive he made his way to the village.

It took him several days to get within sight of Burk because of how often he had to stop and rest. He ate little but often and drank his fill whenever he came across water.

When he finally did reach Burk itself it was not as he remembered. The town had almost doubled in size and was filled to the brim with dragons and humans.

It was reassuring to see that the truth between their people had stood the test of time.

Time seemed to stand still as he stood and watched the villagers scurry about, ignorant of the living shadow of a dragon hidden from their view.

He slept when night came and intended to keep his vigil again come morning when he was awakened by the gentle cooing of a child.

His eyes were still weak and bleary from years of lack of use, but even if he had been struck blind he would not have been able to mistake the child before him.

"Dwagon" The babe gurgled.

Toothless laid on the ground motionless as the toddler petted his snout without an ounce of fear.

It was Hiccup and yet not Hiccup.

The babe couldn't have been more than 3 human years old and it showed in his unsteady motions. His eyes were the same bright hazel color as his master's had been, a color he never thought he would see again.

His hair was the color of amber glass held to the sun and his cheeks were coated in freckles.

The only hint of difference was lightness of his skin and the bits of lighter coloring in his hair.

This boy was not Hiccup, but his heart found reason to hope, maybe, just maybeâ€|.not all of his master had been lost.

"Hiccup! Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the IV! Where are you!" Astrid called from a short distance away.

Toothless picked up his head at the sound of her voice and swipped a paw out to bring the tot closer.

Astrid came into view quickly and unlike the other villagers was able to pick Toothless out from the shadows.

"Toothless?" She whispered quietly. The Night Fury was not as she remembered, his scales were terribly dull and his body was bone thin. But she knew it was him, she knew his gaze and the way he looked at her even now, a cross between wariness and distance.

She also knew the way he looked at her son, with eyes filled with disbelief and the desire to hope.

"Oh Thorâ€|..Toothless it really is you! We thought you were dead! We searched and we searched, but we couldn't find you! Where have you been?"

Toothless didn't make a sound in reply and instead nuzzled his nose gently against the face of the boy in his grasp before looking up at her questioningly.

Astrid knelt at his side and nodded her understanding.

"We left the village the day that Hiccup died so that I could tell him that I was pregnant with his child, but he fell from the rock ledge before I could. I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't find you. All I have left of Hiccup is our son and the stories of him and his dragon."

Astrid stroked his shoulder gently and looked at him with the same pain in her gaze that had made Toothless flee the village all those years ago.

She understood and that was more than Toothless had ever hoped for.

Hiccup the fourth gave a tiny yawn that broke the awkward silence between them as he snuggled sleepily into Toothless's side.

The sight filled them both with warmth and dispelled the sorrow from the air.

"He's going to need a dragon when he comes of age Toothless. All the other children get paired a birth with their hatchling partners, but we couldn't find one that fit Hiccup. I think he was waiting for a Night Fury like this father. I think he was waiting for you Toothless."

The last Night Fury in the world stared at Astrid for a long moment before he turned his gaze to her son.

Droopy Hazel met lemon-lime as the pair looked at each other. Ever so slightly the tiny tot smiled up at the larger dragon just before sleep claimed him and the sight righted the crack that had yet to heal in Toothless's heart.

This boy was not the boy he had loved, but he remembered so vividly how those eyes had looked at him all those years ago. He remembered the trust and happiness in his eyes that Hiccup's son now held in his.

He did not love this boy, but he knew without a doubt in his heart that he would.

* * *

><p>Sugar does bad things to me. Very bad angsty things. Forgive the sadness and please review. This is my first HTYD story and I'm a little nervous.</p>

Yours truly,

Jessica499499

End
file.